

THE TRIBUNE.

For the Tribune.

W.A.R....By ANONYMOUS SNODGRASS.

A Hymn to the O' War!—Earth red with blood Shrieks at thy foot-train!—Thou hast been of old; Long are the pyramids, and are more lasting, To fashion the strange Temple, and build roofs For worship, thy red hand had plucked out life From vain-glorious Strength, and scared the world With rapine!

Earth I bear witness with thy graves And dust of nameless warriors! From the fields Where Heaven descended in its love of old, Even to this quiet spot where now mild Peace Hath nourished with kind hand the gentle Arts, Armed men have left their bones and poured their blood.

Even from those dark and dolorous days, when

The Assyrian Hunter with his hordes Swept from the world its undulating tribes,

Hath I, the sword been bared. Prophets and

Priests have

Pharaoh of all times, have vexed the Earth—

Setting up Man 'gainst Man to fill the World

With their dead bones and populous graves—

Scourging with fire the patient trembling ground,

And laying desolate dwelling and shrine.—

With sacrificial hand tearing from its place

The rough, time honored altar; and the child

Dashing, from its Mother's arms the ground,—

Despoiling the white temple of innocence.

Until Earth, sick and bathed arrayed the name,

With the fierce Famine and foul Disease.

Then, with thy sword, and proud nodding plume,

Look back where Time, grown reverent with age

Sits reigning o'er the down trodden thrones,

And the pale kingdoms of the old sad World!

What seed hath from the decaying bones

Of the Earth's war lost millions? Earth and Sun

Are full,—and gleam where solitary war fruit bears?

Sheathed his red knife in blood. What hath the

Revenge has followed Wrong, until Revenge

Comes after the Avenger, and the Truth?

Sons blackened in the unlighted gloom,

[pure]

What hath the father?—How men grown more

And driven headlong from the world?

Hath Justice been established? Have high thrones

Borne shaken, and Men's chains shivered and torn?

Hath Freedom sprung from the foul wreck, and

built?

Her temples on the hills, and with a loud voice

Called the wide nations to her worship?

No!

The Tyrant keeps his Throne; the serf kneels down

Wearing his chain; the slave toil, and the Good

Thankful for his protection, and the Good

Wander that he may be bound not as of old,

And hark! the high-handed Evil with its fires!

Glorious in array!—Then with thy plumes,

They march'd in squadrons and thy gleaming arms—

Thy painted standards flaunting the pale Heaven

Embossed with a sanctifying fire!

Earth, all forgetful of its many woes,

Shoots at the inspiring sight, and bids them hail!

Aloft she bears the chieftain proud in might,

Builds him an altar in the hearts of men

And deifies his bones. In some far land;

Where ice eternal bounds the winter year,

Or raring seas, or tempests, or vast land,

A Nation's birth and manhood vainly fail,

Its native homes are bathed in burning tears,

Vineys are forced their masters, and rank weeds

Choke them; old bulls grow bare and tameless,

And the plow rests in the uncultured ground.

Yet do give the Conqueror his car!

And dray him 'neath the proud triumphal arch!

Tis in Man's nature to tyrannize;

And whether like the paid that prows at night,

Secret in villainy, or threat'ning, lords

With the insensate mob, or with the strength

Of Nations banded, for life, or, chain

Lions born not to their thral, he wars 'gainst these,

Those born not to the sun, and holy influence.

Their with an Angel's wing bring hope to Earth,

And with a giant's arm strike at wrong.

For the time when the sharp sword shall rust

And Men forget its use. Is there no how

That spans the warring world? No covenant

That man shall clasp his brother as a friend

Unthirsting for his blood? That customs old,

The unhappy daemons of the slavish world

Shall lose their terrors from the souls of men

And leave them free? Trust on, we are not

Without a token of the spirit of Truth,

Whose unquenching wreath of falsehoods old

And the far nations shall their weapons bring,

And lay them at thy feet. Then, O' War,

Shall be remembered only as a dream

Which tormented the old world,—or if thou shalt

Rise from thy slumbers, then Evil shall shrink

And Virtue bless thy pure avenging hand!

Norwich, N. Y.

POST-OFFICE STATISTICS.—The following table exhibits, in round numbers, the decrease in the revenue from postages at certain of the large Post-Offices during the quarters ended the 31st March, and 30th June, 1845, as compared with the corresponding quarters of 1844.

Post-Offices. *Quarterly Decrements ended June 31, 1845.* *ended June 31, 1844.*

Albany..... \$307

Angeles..... 162

Bangor..... 125

Boston..... 2,231

Columbus, Ga. 184

Detroit..... 143

Hartford..... 438

Lynn, Mass. 93

Middletown, Conn. 142

Mobile..... 171

Natchez..... 67

New Bedford..... 181

New Haven..... 163

New York..... 5,537

Portland..... 136

Providence..... 1,197

Roxbury..... 623

Salem, Mass. 33

Southampton..... 705

Total..... \$15,929

\$16,990.

No decrease this quarter.

In the twenty-one offices above, for the six months ended the 31st June, 1845, there was a gain of \$2,382.

In 93 post-offices yielding a net revenue of \$100 per quarter and upward, there was, during the quarter ended the 31st June last, an increase of revenue in 505, and a decrease in 433 of them.

(Washington Union.)

AMERICANS ABROAD.—A gross outrage has been recently committed upon an American citizen by one of the European powers. Mr. John Albinus, born a subject of Austria, and a naturalized citizen of the United States, while on a commercial tour to Tuscany, Italy, was seized by the police of that country, and compelled to wear a paper which bore his name, and even a picture assigned. The cause, however, is well known. Mr. Albinus, though quiet and harmless enough now, was once a prisoner of state, and charged with being a dangerous conspirator against Austria; he was banished from his dominions, and compelled to leave Europe. He now plays the part of catch-poles and hunt-bellies to the greater, and Tuscany has expelled Mr. Albinus because his presence was displeasing to Austria. (Even. Post.)

Sales at the Stock Exchange, Sept. 23.

20,000 U. S. stocks..... 1114 50 Mohawk Stock..... 97

50,000 Penn. stocks..... 33,472 25 do. do. do. do.

5,000 do. do. do. do. do. do.

1,000 do. do. do. do. do. do.

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